HIS SECRET.

The good man lay, all white and still,
Under the pall of fragrant flowers,
And the neighbors wondered about the will
And talked of the dead man's gifts and powers,
With many a doleful shake of the head
Recounting the kind, wise words he said,
That had helped so many to climb life's hill.

Said one: "He never would press a debt
That he held against the needy or poor."
Said another: "His table was always set
For the hungry stranger who passed the door."
While yet another, with bated breath,
Told of the gentle and peaceful death,
With never a sign of jar or fret.

And each one asked what was the gift
That made his life so full of peace,
While others' burdens were hard to lift,
And death seemed only a strange surcease
From toilsome labor and constant strain
Of hopeless effort and helpless pain,
With only the hope of the shroud's white shift?

Then one whose voice was soft and low,
Rose up and spoke to the funeral guests:
"Friends and neighbors of long ago,
We are heritors all of his bequests.
Not from duty his deeds were done,
Not for Heaven his race was run;
This is the secret—he loved man so!"
—Pauline Carrington Bouve, in Boston Transcript.

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

The men of the house, Frost and Garrison, were accustomed, when the latter was at home, to breakfast together quite early. Then the colonel would drive off to the Ayuntamiento in the walled city, and Frank would mount his pony and ride away to his long day's duties. Later the sisters would have their leisurely breakfast, secure in the protection of the guard, would give their Chinaman chef his orders for the day, and send him off to make such purchases as were possible in the now scanty market. Then reading, writing, receiving callers of their own sex would fill up the morning. There would be a brief siesta after luncheon, an hour or so on the broad veranda overlooking the sparkling bay, then dress and the inevitable drive. Of Armstrong they had seen nothing, heard next to nothing. He was busy with his men over toward East Paco. Of Billy Gray of late they had seen rather too much. On one pretext after another he was now forever coming to the house, and Witchie was beginning to wish that Canker had had his way; but Canker had failed dismally. The witnesses he counted on proved dumb or departed, and it had pleased the general-in-chief to send him with a regiment of infantry and a brace of guns to garrison an important point on an adjacent island, and to tell him that in view of the impossibility of his substantiating his charges against Gray the youngster had some shadow of excuse for his violent outbreak. Rather than bring up a scandal it was best to drop the matter entirely. Gray had been sent to duty with the —teenth before he was thoroughly well, and a good-hearted battalion commander, taking pity on his obvious change for the worse, had found occasion after the first ten days at the front to send him back to quarters in Malate, instead of incessantly on duty along the threatened line toward Singalon church; and while he seldom came in the evening when numbers of visitors were present, the boy had a way of dropping in between three and four, when he could generally count on a few moments, at least, alone with Mrs. Frank. She had nursed him well in his slow convalescence, had made deep impression on his boyish heart, lacerated as he conceived it by a disappointment at home. She had won him to her service, as she thought, until she felt sure he was ready to do almost anything for her sake, then she had put him to the test, and he had failed her. Believing, as she did, that the boy well knew the whereabouts of the alleged deserter, Morton, and his friend, Nita's reckless lover, she had counted on him to wring from them the letters poor Latrobe declared he still possessed; but the three weeks had passed without a sign, and it was becoming evident to her that Gray had lost track of them entirely.

One brilliant afternoon, as she lay on the broad, cane-bottomed bedstead with its overhanging canopy of filmy netting, she drowsily heard the corporal posting the new sentinel in the marbled corridor below, and then marching the relief to the rear gate opening to the beach. Nita was already up and moving about in her room. Margaret heard the rustle of her skirts and the light patter of her tiny feet as she sped over the hardwood floor of the main salon. She heard her throwing back the sliding shutters that kept out the glare of the sun in the morning hours, and knew that she was gazing out over the tree-dotted lawn toward the gate where the guard lounged through the warm afternoon. All of a sudden, quick and stirring, a bugle sounded over on the Calle Nueva, where the North Dakotas had a strong detachment. The call was repeated, and, army woman though she was, she did not recognize it. She could not remember ever having heard it before. Then up the street, from the engineer barrack, there came thrilling echo, and there was a sound of movement and excitement along the dusty thoroughfare. She heard Nita calling her name, and then the child's quick, nervous step along the hallway toward the stairs. Then came a sudden stop, a gasping, wailing cry, and, springing from her bed and to the door, Margaret found her sister cowering before a tall slender man in the rough dress and field equipment of a private soldier. With a little packet—letters, apparently—held forth in one hand, while the other grasped her wrist, Rollin Latrobe stood sternly gazing at the girl shrinking at his feet.

The tableau was over in another second. Springing up the broad marble stairs came Billy Gray, the corporal of the guard at his heels, and Latrobe saw his danger in a flash. Throwing little Gray aside as he would a terrier, the young athlete whirled on the stalwart regular. There was the sound of a crashing blow, followed by a heavy fall. The corporal went rolling down the steps with Latrobe bounding over the tumbling form, and the next instant he had vaulted over the ledge of the open window on the lower floor, and vanished through the gateway to the beach. And now all along the Calle Real the bugles were sounding "To Arms!"

CHAPTER XVI.

That was a wild day in Manila. Far over near the Escolta somebody shot at a vagrant dog lapping water from a little pool under one of the many hydrants. The soldier police essayed an arrest; the culprit broke and ran; the guard fired; a lot of coolies, taking alarm, fled jabbering to the river side. The natives, looking for trouble any moment, rushed to their homes. Some soldiers on pass and unarmed tumbled over the tables and chairs in the Alhambra in their dash for the open street. A stampede sergeant told a bugler to sound to arms, and in the twinkling of an eye the call was taken up from barrack to barrack, and the news went flashing out by wire to the extreme front. The shopkeepers hastily put up their shutters and bolted their doors. Cabs, carts, quilez and carromattas—even the street cars—were instantly seized by the soldiery scattered all over town, and utilized to take them tearing back to join their regiments. In five minutes the business streets downtown were deserted. Chinese cowered within their crowded huts. The natives, men and women, either hid within the shelter of their homes or fled to the sanctuary of the many churches. All over the great city the alarm spread like wildfire. The battalions formed under arms, those nearest the outer lines being marched at once to their positions in support, those nearer the walled city waiting for orders. Foreign residents took matters more coolly than did the Asiatic: German phlegm, English impassiveness and Yankee devil-may-care-ishness preventing a panic. But those who had families and owned or could hire carriages and launches were not slow in seeking for their households the refuge of the fleet of transports lying placidly at anchor in the bay, where Dewey's bluejackets shifted their quids, went coolly to their stations and, grouped about their guns, quietly awaited further developments. In an agony of fear Col. Frost had bidden his driver to lash the ponies to a gallop and go like the wind to Malate; but the appearance of the long ranks of sturdy infantry resting on their arms and beginning to look bored, measurably reassured him before he reached his home. Once there, however, the sight of Nita, clinging hysterically to her sister and moaning on her bed, was sufficient to determine his first move, which was to wire for his launch to come around to the bay shore and take them off to the fleet. The next was to send and ask for an officer and 20 men from the Cuartel, on receiving which message the major commanding, standing on the dusty roadway in front of his men, grinned under his grizzled mustache and said: "Frost's got 'em again. Here, Gray, you go over and tell him to keep his hair on, that it's nothing but a fake alarm." And Gray, glad enough of the chance to go again into the presence of the woman who so fascinated him, sped on his mission. He was in a fury over his recent humiliation in her very sight—he, a commissioned officer, tossed aside like a child and outwitted by this daring intruder in the shape of a private soldier—he and his guard brushed away and derided by a young fellow in some strange regiment—who had easily escaped along the beach to an adjoining inclosure into which he darted and was no more seen. The streets were full of scurrying soldiers, and it was the simplest thing in the world for him to mingle with them and make his way to his own command. Of course, Gray well knew who the man must be—Nita's troublesome lover of whom Witchie had told him so much. There was his chance to recover the letters and claim the reward; but man and letters both had escaped his grasp; and when he pulled up, blown and exhausted after fruitless chase, he was brought to his senses by the sight of his own men falling in "for business," and he had to scamper for his sword and join them.

That was a miserable evening. Margaret Garrison was the only member of the household who seemed to have her wits about her and her nerves under control, for Frank, her liege lord, had his duty elsewhere, and not until hours later trotted slowly home. Margaret plainly let Gray understand how he had fallen in her estimation at being so easily tossed aside. A warning finger was laid upon her lip. "Not one word of what has happened while he is here," she muttered; and a nod of her fluffy head toward the perturbed colonel told plainly that the chief of the household really had no place in the family councils. To the sisters that alarm was a blessing in disguise. It was all sufficient to account for Nita's prostration. To the rash and reckless lad, who, claiming to be an orderly with a letter from the colonel, had been passed by the gate guard to the open stairway, it afforded ample cover for escape, when, alarmed by Nita's cry, Gray and the corporal came springing to her aid. To Gray himself it gave only a few minutes' forgetfulness of his trouble, for, smarting under the sting of a woman's only half-hidden disdain, he would have welcomed with almost savage joy some fierce battle with a skillful foe, some scene in which he could compel her respect and admiration. He was still smarting and stung when at last that opportunity came.

Long will Manila remember the night! It followed close upon the heels of warnings that for weeks held every officer and man to his post of duty. Day after day the strain increased. The insurgents, crowding upon our outposts in front of Santa Mesa on the north and of Santa Ana on the south side of the Pasig, had heaped insult and threats upon our silent sentries, compelled by orders to the very last to submit to anything but actual attack rather than bring on a battle. "The Americans are afraid," was the gleeful cry of Aguinaldo's officers, the jeer and taunt of his men. The regulars were soon to come and replace those volunteers, said the wiseacre of his cabinet, therefore strike now before the trained and disciplined troops arrive and sweep these big boors into the sea. And on the still, starlit night, sooner perhaps than his confederates within the walls intended, the rebel leader struck, and, long before the dawn of the lovely Sunday morn that followed, the fire flashed from 40,000 rifles in big semicircle around Manila, and the long-expected battle was on.

Hours after dawn, hours after the attack began, the —teenth were in extended battle order to the south of Malate confronted by thickets of bamboo that fairly swarmed with insurgents, yet, only by the incessant zip and "whiew" of their deadly missiles and the ceaseless crackle of rifle fire, could this be determined; for with their smokeless powder and their Indian-like skill in concealment nothing could be seen of their array. Over to the westward on the placid waters of the bay the huge Monadnock was driving shell after shell into the dense underbrush across the abandoned rice fields and the marshy flats that lined the shore. Over to the east resounding cheers and crashing volleys, punctuated by the sharp report of field guns, told that the comrade brigade was heavily engaged and, apparently, driving the enemy before them. To right and left their volunteer supports were banging into the brush with their heavy Springfields; and still there seemed no symptom of weakness along the immediate front, no sign of yielding. If anything the fury of the insurgent volleying increased as the sun climbed higher, and all along the blue-shirted line men grit


He held her wrist.

their teeth and swore as they crouched or lay full length along the roadside, peering through the filmy veil that drifted slowly across their front—the smoke from the Springfields of the volunteers. To lie there longer with the bullets buzzing close overhead or biting deep into the low embankment, sometimes tearing a stinging path through human flesh and bone, was adding to the nerve strain of the hours gone by. To rush headlong across that intervening open space, through deep and muddy pools and stagnant ditch, and hurl themselves upon the lurking enemy in the bamboo copse beyond, had been the ardent longing of the line since daylight came to illumine the field before them. Yet stern orders withheld: Defend, but do not advance, said the general's message; and the whisper went along from man to man: "There is trouble in town behind us, and the chief may need us there."

But, as eight o'clock passed with no word of uprising in the rear, and the cheering over toward Santa Ana grew loud and louder, the nerve strain upon the —teenth became well-nigh intolerable. "For God's sake, can't we be doing something instead of lying here firing into a hornet's nest?" was the murmur that arose in more than one company along the impatient line; and the gruff voices of veteran sergeants could be heard ordering silence, while, moving up and down behind their men, the line officers cautioned against waste of ammunition and needless exposure. "Lie flat, men. Keep down!" were the words. "We won't have to stand this forever. You'll soon get your chance."

And presently it came. The cheering that had died away, far over to the left beyond the wooded knolls that surrounded Singalon and Block House 12, was suddenly taken up nearer at hand. Then crashing volleys sounded along the narrow roadway toward the east, and a bugle rang out shrill and clear above the noise of battle; and then closer still, though unseen in the gloom of the dense thicket in which they lay, the men of the Second battalion, strung along a Filipino trail that led away to the rice fields, swung their big straw hats and yelled for joy. A young officer, his eyes flashing, his face flushing with excitement, came bounding out from the grove at the left of the crouching line and made straight to where the veteran battalion commander knelt in rear of his center. It was Billy Gray, adjutant of the Third battalion, acting that day as adjutant to the regimental commander. The bullets whistled by his head as he darted springingly along; and in their joy at sight of him even old hands forgot the reserve of the regular service and some man shouted: "Now we're off!" and the popular query: "What's the matter with Lieut. Gray?"

At any other time, under any other circumstances, both questioner and respondents who gleefully shouted: "He's all right," would have been promptly and sternly suppressed. But the senior captain at their head well knew the excitement tingling in the nerves of that long-suffering line, and only smiled and nodded sympathy. He saw, too, that Gray was quivering with pent-up feeling, as the boy halted short, saluted, and, striving to steady his eager voice, said:

"Captain, the colonel directs that you open sharp fire on the woods in your front and occupy the enemy there. He is about to charge with the Third battalion and drive them out of the trenches we've located over yonder;" and Billy pointed eagerly to the left front—the southeast.

The captain's grizzled face took on a look of keen disappointment. "You mean we've got to stay here and see you fellows go in?"

"Only for a few minutes, sir. The colonel says that for you to charge before he's got onto their flank would cost too many men. You'll get the word as soon as he's got the works."

"Well said, Billy boy! That sounds almost epigrammatic. Hullo! You hit? Stoop down here, man. Don't try to get perforated."

"My hat only," was the answer, as the boy stooped quickly to hide the irrepressible twitching about the muscles of his lip. A Remington had ripped from side to side, tearing a way through the curly hair at the top of his head and almost scoring the scalp. To save his soul he could not quite suppress the trembling of his knees; but, steadying himself by great effort, he continued: "The colonel says to commence firing by volley the moment our bugles sound the charge. Now I must get back."

"All right, youngster. Tell the colonel I savey, and we'll do our level best—only, let us into it as quick as you can."

But Gray heard only the first part of the sentence. He was panting when he reached his placid, gray-mustached chief, and could only gasp out: "The captain understands, sir." And then the regimental commander simply turned to the battalion leader, standing silent at his left in a little clump of timber—another veteran captain grown gray as himself in long, long years of service:

"Now's our time, old man! Pitch in! Gray, we'll go with him."

[To Be Continued.]

STILL UNSUITED.

She Didn't Get What She Wanted, Because the Salesman Was Too Obliging.

"Waited on, miss?"

"No. I wish to see some gloves."

"Gloves? Certainly! Twenty-four! Show this lady our latest arrivals in gloves."

No. 24 uncovers a brown box.

"Here they are! Genuine three-button French kids. To-day they are advertised for $1.90. Worth more."

"They are not exactly what I wished."

"Oh, I see! You prefer a pique glove. Examine these."

"I did not say a word about pique gloves."

"You are right! It's my mistake. You said suede. Here they are on this case. Three-clasp, gray?"

"Did you hear me say suede, young man?"

"Well, er—that is, I couldn't say exactly. You may have said suede or you may have said mocha. I think, now, you said mocha. Here they are in the latest effects. Fleece-lined. Extremely comfortable. Should I wrap these up?"

"No, sir. I don't wish any mocha—"

"Is it possible! Here I have been under the impression that you wished mocha gloves, and it turns out that you wish something entirely different. It just shows, miss, how we can get incorrect ideas. But at last we have a mutual understanding. You wish an astrakhan fleece-lined kid? Just examine these gloves under the skylight."

"I don't wish them!"

"Don't wish these? Is it possible? Miss, did you say anything about cashmere gloves?"

"Not a word."

"And you didn't wish to see any mittens?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, miss, would you please be so kind as to designate the exact style of glove you are looking for?"

"I would have done so long ago if you had only given me the chance to get in a word edgeways. I wish to look at a heavy, coarse pair of teamster's gloves. I am going to give them to our ashman as a Christmas present. He is the most accommodating ashman in the city. You just ought to meet him. But have you any gloves in that line?"

"No! Go to a tanner's and have a pair tanned to order." Then he turned on his heel and strode up to the other end of the counter.—Chicago Tribune.

Marginal Notes.

The descendant of a New England Puritan divine has in his possession an old sermon written by his ancestor which shows that the preacher did not trust entirely to the impulses of the moment when delivering his discourses. The manuscript is written in a strange, crabbed hand, and plentifully besprinkled with marginal references. "Read slowly here," the minister admonishes himself in one spot, and "To be given out very loud and clear," is the suggestion for another passage. "Hurry a little, with fire," he wrote in several places. The most emphatic and important part of the whole sermon is indicated by a much-underlined marginal note. After hearing stories of this saintly old-time preacher, it is amusing to know that he deemed it wise and even necessary at the climax of his eloquence to "Yell like one possessed."—Youth's Companion.